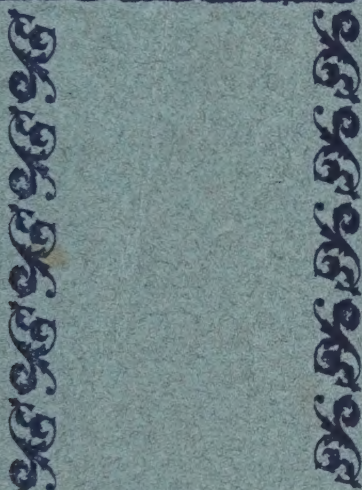


The

ZEPHYRUS



DECEMBER, 1908

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THE ZEPHYRUS

A Journal Devoted to Literature, School Notes, Athletics, Etc.

VOLUME 3

ASTORIA, OREGON, DEC. 1908

NUMBER 1

The Raising of the Sophomore Flag

FANNY GREGORY '10

At seven-thirty the "Gypsy," accompanied by the "Cowgirl," stealthily entered the High School grounds. The night was clear; the stars, set out prominently against the dark evening sky, were softened by the wan light of the full moon. The air was crisp; the ground damp—a reminiscence of the lately-departed rain. 'Twas a glorious night, ne'er more nearly perfect—peaceful, serene, sleepy. The white edifice of the High School towered above its ground floor, and from there rose to a slanting roof whose point rose, still more sloping, to a large white tower upon which loomed a tall, prominent flagpole. The mysterious darkness made the whole appear bleak and appalling.

The "Gypsy" and the "Cowgirl" felt this as they walked from the rear of the structure around the sidewalk and under the main stairs to the ground floor entrance. "On time!" Four figures sneaked from beneath the shadow of the great stairs—four masked figures, who added to the weirdness of the desolate, damp surroundings. One was tall and

angular. From the dim light of a nearby street lamp, one would notice an easy-going swagger about him—a careless, bold personality. He offered masks to the newcomers, and when these were adjusted the sextette dropped into the shadows of the stairs to await oncoming enemies—if there were any. The leader, hereafter known as the "Amateur Lock-breaker," allowed conversation to be carried on in an audible whisper, and thus, as suspense grew, their plans were laid.

"Greedy," the heavysset mystery, gave the startling announcement that some of the Juniors were "wise" to their actions, but he was "squelched" entirely by the "Swede," a diminutive lad, who insisted that their plans were as yet unknown by the curious barbaric outsiders. The fourth boy expressed no opinion, his ear being set for sounds of an enemy; and, on the creaking of a step overhead, conversation ceased, and the bold intruders strained their ears for further developments.

One by one the mysteries crept from

their hiding-place into the open alley. The "Amateur Lockbreaker," after a hasty address to his followers, advanced to the nearest window and gave it a lurch. One second passed, and the school was opened. The window rolled up swiftly and quietly, and six anxious pairs of eyes peered into the questioning obscurity of the primary grade. The steady ticking of a clock met their untain ears—all else was silent.

The sextette were Sophomores from the school, and they figured revenge against the Seniors. 'Twas Senior week—five days set apart in which the year's graduates were allowed to be the only recognized class in the school. But the Sophomores were revengeful, and they planned to raise their flag above the building and thus humiliate the wilful Seniors. The bundle which the "Cowgirl" possessed was the source of all the excitement—the flag. The nineteen-ten students had made their resolve: the flower of the Sophomore class took it upon themselves to act it out. Thus we understand the motive of the sextette as they stood together; peering, listening into the impenetrable gloom.

After a hasty glance around in search of danger, the two brave, revengeful trios clambered through the open window, and the perilous journey to the tower commenced.

The bold intruders closed the sash behind them and then—hesitated. Something seemed to tell them that they would fail—fail to raise their honored flag of the gorgeous green and gold; fail to humiliate their enemies, the Seniors—but their spirit of adventure overcame their groundless fears and they tiptoed cautiously between rows of diminutive desks towards the hallway. The boards creaked and groaned beneath the touch of their lightly treading feet, making loud, uncanny noises echo and re-echo out into the empty corridor.

On reaching the center of the hallway they made a careful search of their surroundings, and, on discovering that all

was safe, quietly made their way to the narrow flight of stairs which led thirty feet up to the first story. The masked troupe began to ascend the stairs. Creak! Creak! Echoes flew both above and below! The thundering noises of the gallant six hundred could not have been more terrifying. The fourth lad gave the signal; their footfalls ceased. From below and in the direction over which they had traversed came an unwelcome sound—that of "creak, creak." Even words were forgotten, and bravery flew to the winds. Five, ten, fifteen minutes elapsed before the housebreakers proceeded on their way.

The second and main hall was reached. Here the sextette paused and gazed into one another's faces. The slanting moonbeams stealing through the hall windows on the floor above lit up the staircase and the part of the lower hall where the intruders were standing. For the last time they strained their hearing facilities to listen for sounds from below, but nothing greeted their anxious ears except the quartette of ticking clocks which seemed to be the only stirring articles on the second floor. The four dimly-lighted rooms were searched, and the depths of the darkened cloak-halls investigated. All was well—and the ascent to the upper floor started.

In reaching the landing on the stairs they again hesitated. From below came a repetition of what they had heard before—a long, audible creak! The Sophomores were right. Someone or something was following them. They fell on their knees and pressed their ears to the floor in an attitude of listening. The ticking of clocks both above and below was their only reward. The "Gypsy" settled affairs by remarking "It was one of the boards we creaked out of place creaking into place again."

The bold six climbed the remaining stairs and cautiously examined the High School floor. The principal's room was locked, but the other three were open for inspection. In the depths of one of the

cloak-halls a number of Seniors' chemistry aprons were found, and the nineteen-ten class took them in hand for future use upon the roof. Then they began to climb the last and longest flight of stairs—those to the laboratory. On reaching the narrow hall at the top of the stairs the door which led to the tower was discovered to be heavily padlocked. The "Amateur Lockbreaker" here made himself prominent by forcing the three locks, and as the door flew open a half-dozen heads bobbed into the wide expanse of the attic. The fourth lad held the lantern aloft and surveyed the interior. At the same time the "Gypsy" glided to the top of the laboratory steps and gazed into the dim light below. Were her senses deceiving her, or did a "grate, grate" sound float up to her ears? Her fears grew when the leader directed "Greedy" and herself to guard at the top of the laboratory steps.

The four flagraisers began to climb to the tower—and the noise which accompanied them was enough to frighten the bravest of the brave. The guards below trembled. Above, as the noise increased, the dancing rays of the lantern shone down through a rather dingy skylight. The "Cypsy's" eyes were supposed to be watching the right side of the stairs; her companion's, the left. Overhead the noise grew in volume, and bits of conversation and laughter floated down to the guards' ears. Suddenly there came a

crash from above, followed by an exclamation and ending in some suppressed giggles. Below, and at the same time, the hearts of the two guards beat faster with fear. Something was moving in the principal's room. But who could be walking in the principal's room when the door was locked?

It meant but one thing—the principal himself! Louder grew the noise above. "Greedy's" one thought was to run up and warn his classmates, but he could not take his eyes from off the dreaded door. The guards waited in fear, but the stirring apparently died away and they began to breathe more freely. Still unwelcome sounds came from above. The flagraisers were evidently engaged in a war dance up on the roof. Then the increase of the noise told the guards of their returning. Down the ladder—thump, thump, thump—came the avalanche. At the same time the noise burst forth from the principal's room!

With a bound the guards left their posts upon the stairs and gained the upper landing, just as the guilty four burst through the door. The flagraisers' tale died on their lips at a signal from the guard. The sound in the principal's room was just on the other side of the door now—one second more, and it would be opened!

The members of the nineteen-ten class crouched breathless, and waited.

(To Be Continued)

The Spiced Rye Bread Bun

ESTHER NYLAND '09

Gottfrid sat looking at his bread and milk with a thoughtful face, which caused his mother to ask rather sharply the reason for this quietness. Much to her surprise he answered, "Thanksgiving Day." Now this was an entirely new subject to Mrs. Jenson, who had come from Sweden

not more than nine months since to make a living for her three children, Gottfrid, aged ten, being her oldest and also her assistant.

In trying to explain the day to his mother, he asked, "Have we anything to be thankful for, 'Moder'? Because the

lady at the school said if we had anything at home to be thankful for we should bring it to school and help those were poor to be happy."

Happy? Of course he had something to be happy for! Did he not have Moder, Greta and Ingrid? "Yaacksam." And was not every day of his life a tacksageke (thanksgiving) for health and all they were blessed with? "Oh, but, mamma, the teacher said 'pumpkins or turkeys!'" Pumpkins were strangers to her, and as for turkeys—why, they could not afford one for themselves!

The tears, though bravely kept back, glistened in his eyes when he said, "All the other boys are going to bring something, and I want to be as thankful as they are." There was silence for several seconds after this declaration was made. Finally, Mrs. Jenson, disliking to cause her son any disappointment, said, as hopefully as she could, that all they had were some spiced rye bread buns.

On the day before Thanksgiving, as he trudged to school with his rye bread bun under his arm, he seemed to realize that his offer was not like those the other boys gave; but his little heart was filled with pleasure and pride at the mere thought of giving.

At the corner he met some of his schoolmates. What did he have? Why, he had one of mother's rye bread buns. "A rye bread bun!" "Oh, listen, boys, he's got a rye bread bun!" "You ain't supposed to bring anything like that; we brought some raisins and dried peaches, and oh, a whole lot of good things!" Gottfrid began to doubt if he should bring such an offering. How different his old playmates had been! His feet seemed to drag and the bun to grow so heavy!

On entering the schoolroom he marched with a manly air to the table and placed his gift among the rest. The news having spread that Gottfrid had brought a rye bread bun, a crowd of small boys was gathered around the table to find

out the truth of the statement. As the smiles on their faces changed to a laugh, which was caught up by the rest of the pupils, it was all he could do to keep the tears back. This certainly was not the happiness teacher had talked about,

The bustle of this important day had subsided a little, when suddenly there was a general bustle, which not even the stern reproof of the teacher could quell. The committee who were to take charge of the offerings had come. After a few words by these great men, each one the idol of some small boy's heart, the school was dismissed.

The committee set to work at once to box up and address the things to be sent to different homes. All the pupils had left, with the exception of Gottfrid, who could not force himself to go any farther than into the hall, where he stood and sobbed. One of the committee, while passing through the hall, came upon him. On being asked the cause and told that it was not manly to cry, Gottfrid said that he had brought a rye bread bun as an offering and now he was disgraced forever in the eyes of the boys—and that was enough to make anybody cry.

His questioner was a retired ship-builder who had come from the same "Faderland" as had Gottfrid. and rye bread buns and little boys with flaxen hair brought back old memories. "And did you bring the little rye bread bun, my son? Then listen. Your offering has been increased a hundred-fold. I am taking the bun home to my wife to cheer her with memories of the 'Faderland,' and your thank-offering to the poor this year will be three sacks of flour."

Gottfrid went home with a heart full of Thanksgiving and joy. Had not the great man spoken to him in the beloved mother-tongue and told him what would cause true thankfulness and happiness throughout his Thanksgiving vacation?

Kenneth Parker was squeezed in Miss H.'s room and he did not mind it a bit,

Athletics

Just at present football is the main attraction in the athletic line at the Astoria High—and for once we have a team that Astoria and Astoria High may well be proud of. Although the boys have lost two of the five games played this season they and their supporters are well pleased with the showing thus far made. In all Astoria High has scored 39 points to her opponents' 24—having played three of her five games in a week. The management has two more games on the schedule—one on Thanksgiving day with the strong local aggregation, the Owapunpun team, and the other with the Eugene High School on Christmas. It is likely that one more game will be secured between the two last-mentioned dates.

The football squad of the A. H. S. turned out nearly thirty strong on September 28, under Captain Parker, as no coach had been obtained. This number soon dwindled down to about twenty, from which the team had to be picked. Manager Rogers had arranged a good schedule for the season. This schedule included a week's trip, during which the High School played three games. A week before the trip, arrangements were made to have C H Abercrombie coach the team. In this week Coach Abercrombie got the team into good working order, and when the H. S. went up against P. A. on October 26 it was a fast bunch, but very light, averaging only 132 pounds.

The H. S. second team has been working hard all season doing its best to keep the first team in good practice. Some of those who are "coming good ones" on the second team are Cordiner, Benoit, Clark, Wilson and Ekstrom. The first team is made up of seven of the old players—Short, Rogers, Jeldness, Troyer,

Ross, Morton and Parker. Little needs to be said of these men except that they are all playing the game. Ross at center has improved wonderfully this season. The new men on the team are S. Short, Holmes, Seims, Peschl and Barry. S. Short is putting up a classy game as substitute quarter and end. Seims as sub center is a good one, while Peschl and Barry at guards can "deliver the goods." Holmes at end is making a reputation for himself.

FIRST GAME OF SEASON

The first game of the season was with a pick-up bunch from town. In this game the High School showed up very well, defeating this aggregation by a score of 16-0. This score could easily have been doubled.

PORTLAND ACADEMY 4

A. H. S. 11—OCTOBER 26

Portland Academy opened the game by kicking off to the fifteen-yard line, from which place Astoria began a steady march toward P. A.'s goal. After two long end runs and some good gains through tackle, the ball was landed on P. A.'s forty-yard line. P. A. held and Astoria was forced to punt. Upshur kicked a pretty spiral which dropped into Cookingham's arms on the goal line, but Cookingham fumbled the ball and Morton, who was right under the punt, fell on the ball for a touchdown. The trial at goal failed and the score was 5-0. P. A. had not yet had the ball in their possession, and the first attempts on the offensive were unsuccessful, either through the line or around the end. They then used the onside kick, on which play they made a little yardage now and then during the remainder of the game.

In the latter part of the game the ball

zigzagged from one end of the field to the other, neither side being able to make consistent enough gains to score.

The second half was characterized by long runs and much shifting of the ball from one side's territory to the other's. Morton proved a good ground-gainer during this half. Astoria scored first near the middle of this half, when Barry picked up a blocked onside kick and ran thirty yards for a touchdown. P. A.'s score was made just before the game ended by a pretty drop by Cobb from the twenty-yard line.

Lineup of the first P. A. game:

P. A.		A. H. S.
Leonard	C	Ross-Seims
Condon	R G L	Peschl
Summers	L G R	Jeldness
Sodden	R T L	Troyer
Teggart	L T R	Fulton-Barry
Curry	R E L	Morton
Beuhner	L E R	Holmes
Cobb (captain)	Q	Rogers
Wilson	L H	Short
Heusner	R H	Upshur
Cookingham	F B (captain)	Parker

Weight of P. A., 147 pounds.

Weight of A. H. S., 132 pounds.

SALEM 9—A. H. S. 0

Salem kicked off to E. Short, who returned the ball ten yards. Astoria made her required yardage twice by tackle plays and then she was forced to punt. By delayed passes and line-bucking the Salem team got near enough to the A. H. S. goal to try a place kick, which was successful.

During the remainder of the half the ball was in Astoria's territory, but the Salem team could not score, owing to Astoria's splendid defense.

In the second half Holmes kicked off for Astoria to Hunt, on Salem's five-yard line. The heavy Salem fullback took the ball nearly to the center of the field before being downed. By a series of onside kicks and punts Salem got the ball on Astoria's three-yard line—by

Kay's recovery of an onside kick. Astoria's line held once, but on the second down the Salem fullback tore through the line for a touchdown. An easy goal was missed.

Holmes again kicked off to Hunt, who made another good run. Salem lost the ball on a fumble and on the next play it was carried to Salem's twenty-five-yard line by a long end run by Short. By a series of cross tackles and line bucks the ball was advanced to Salem's ten-yard line, where it was taken away from Astoria on the second down—the officials declaring it to be the third down. Salem here attempted to punt but was penalized twice for holding. The game ended with the ball on Salem's three-yard line.

It may be added here that several times when Astoria had the ball within striking distance of her opponents' goal that she was given only two downs, instead of three, to make the required ten yards. In all, Astoria High was given the worst end of it in Salem—the fact is that the place kick was the only score that Salem made honestly, while A. H. S. was cheated out of at least one touchdown.

Lineup of Salem game:

Salem		Astoria
Eyre	C	Ross-Seims
Watson	R G L	Peschl
Barriek	L G R	Barry
Bellinger	R T L	Jeldness
Hollingsworth	L T R	Troyer
Kay	R E L	S. Short
Smith	L E R	Morton
Farmer	Q	Rogers
Parsons	L H R	E. Short
Richardson (c)	R H L	(c.) Parker
Hunt	F B	Holmes

Salem outweighed Astoria twenty pounds to the man.

EUGENE 5—ASTORIA 0

It may safely be said that the A. H. S. put up its best game of the season against the E. H. S. A very good idea of the game was given in the writeup

the Eugene Register gave the game:—

"All hail to Coach Abererombie and his gritty bunch of pigskin chasers! Eugene people have yet to see a pluckier and nervier football team than the Astoria High School eleven which went down to defeat yesterday at the hands of Eugene High School by the close score of 5 to 0. The Astorians were outweighed 25 pounds to the man. The fierce tackling of their heavier opponents used the Astoria team up badly, but they proved to possess an unusual amount of nerve, and even after being bruised and mangled, the "Fishermen" came back fighting and contesting every foot and inch of ground that Eugene gained, securing the ball on downs and booting it out of danger again and again.

"Many times during the game Eugene had the ball on Astoria's five-yard line, but the light little fellows braced and held for downs. A cleaner lot of tacklers has never played on Kincaid field, and the gameness that they showed in stopping up the locals' fierce onslaught aroused the admiration of the entire crowd. It is the opinion of some that they have the better team, and when in perfect condition could make the score sheet look different. Upshur, although playing with both legs bandaged and padded, was in the game every minute and made big gains around the ends. Rogers, the plucky little quarter, perhaps was the best personification of nerve. Although his right leg was bent and wobbled under him, he stayed by his team, directed the plays and gathered in the punts in the back field. Morton's work at end also showed up brilliantly, as did Captain Parker's at fullback and E. Short at left half. Although their line was light they were effective in breaking up line plays, and Eugene was able to make but little yardage in this way.

"From a Eugene standpoint the game was a disappointment. The locals had the ball within easy striking distance a great many times, when a little bobble

on Astoria's part would have meant another touchdown. But the "Fishermen" were steady with their nets, and hauled their seines around the "Boosters" and threw them back. To the very observing it appeared that Eugene was just a little off color yesterday.

"Owing to injuries to the Astoria players, time was frequently taken out, which tended to slow up the playing. Eugene also failed to handle outside kicks and forward passes as well as usual. Knox, Kreiger and Jenkins were effective in long end runs, and Kuykendall handled the back field work in a satisfactory manner. However, he failed to handle his team with his usual good judgment. Gray and Preston were always on hand when it came to running down on punts and Jenkins booted the ball for gains on every exchange. Bailey, of course, was always in the play, as well as the other line men.

"Eugene scored her only touchdown before the middle of the first half. A long run by Knox planted the ball on the eight-yard line and Jenkins carried it over for a touchdown. A try at goal failed and the score stood: Eugene 5; Astoria 0.

"Astoria kicked off to Eugene's twenty-yard line and the ball was carried fifteen yards before stopping. Eugene then instituted a kicking game, with the hopes of getting within scoring distance once more. The defensive and offensive work of both teams remained about even during the rest of the half—but Jenkins had the better of the kicking argument. Upshur's leg was in very poor condition, and he was unable to get his kicks off for good gains. A feature during this half was a pretty run by Upshur, who circled Eugene's left end for thirty yards. The half ended with the ball on Astoria's fifteen-yard line.

"Astoria kicked to Eugene in the second half, Kuykendall securing the ball on the twenty-five-yard line and running back twenty yards. Astoria really had a shade the better of the

argument during this half, although the ball was her territory most of the time.

"The crowd was brought to its feet when Astoria got possession of the ball on Eugene's five-yard line. Nesbitt replaced Gray at this point. Upshur and Parker worked the ball to the eighteen-yard line and Rogers got clear away from the field and had easy sailing for a touchdown, when his leg gave way under him. This was about their only chance to score, for the ball was too far from the goal to try for a place kick. The remainder of the game was a see-saw, and when the whistle blew Eugene had the ball on Astoria's thirty-seven-yard line."

Following was the lineup:

Eugene		Astoria
Pengra, 155	C	Ross, 151
Rae, 158	L G R	Peschl, 135
Koch, 160	R G L	Barry, 135
Bailey, 238	L T R	Troyer, 138
Anderson, 170	R T L	Jeldness, 150
Gray, 136	L E R	E. Short, 138
Preston, 141	R E L	Morton, 125
Kuykendall, 134	Q	Rogers, 127
Kreiger, 144	L H R	Upshur, 139
Knox, 136	R H L	S. Short, 137
Jenkins, 152	F B	Parker, 137

P. A. 6—A. H. S. 12

NOVEMBER 14, 1908

P. A. began operations by kicking off to Astoria. Upshur, receiving the ball, punted it back to the center of the field, where it was recovered by an Astoria man. From here the High school began a steady march toward P. A.'s goal that ended in a touchdown. The try at goal missed. A little later in this half Astoria scored a safety. Just before the half ended another touchdown was made, making the score 12 to 0 in favor of Astoria.

The second half was a very poor exhibition of football, as both sides were playing dirty ball. Astoria was penalized time and again for fouls. Near the end of the half P. A. scored a touchdown on

a blocked punt. An easy goal was kicked, giving P. A. 6. The game ended with the ball on P. A.'s ten-yard line. The lineup:

P. A.		Astoria
Curry	C	Ross-Seims
Leonard	R G L	Peschl
Teggart	L G R	Barry
Sodden	R T L	Troyer
Summers	L T R	Jeldness
Norris	R E L	Morton
Snow	L E R	Holmes-S. Short
Cookingham	Q	Rogers
Moore	L H	E. Short
Cobb (captain)	R H	Upshur
Wilson	F B (captain)	Parker

TRACK

The prospects for a good track team this coming season are bright. Tuomala is the only member of last year's team whom we will lose. Some of the freshman material looks especially good for the sprints and middle distances. Prospects for any weight men are not very bright, although several will try out. The management has one or two meets in sight before the Corvallis meet; this will show up some of the promising material before the final team is picked.

BASKETBALL

In Professor Imel it seems that the girls have a very good basketball coach, and they have turned out about thirty strong, practicing regularly three times a week. Arrangements have been made to play the Seaside team here soon. The manager has in sight a trip for the team during Christmas vacation, during which they will play some of the best valley teams.

BASEBALL

The Astoria High School has never been very strong on baseball, but there are prospects for a very good team this coming season. Among the freshman boys there are several good players, and they will do their best to get up a team. There is only one thing missing and that is a good pitcher; but we believe that there are several who, with a little practice, can hold down that position,

THE ZEPHYRUS

Published Monthly by the Students of the Astoria High School.

Terms - - Ten Cents a Copy.

For Sale at High School and Hoeffer's Candy Store.

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Address all communications to the Editor or Business Manager of The Zephyrus, Astoria High School, Astoria, Oregon.

Editorial

The "Zephyrus," which is edited by the students of the Astoria High School, is, first of all, for the students themselves. It is on them that we depend for material, and were every student to contribute in the way best suited to his abilities we are sure that not only would this paper be a success from a material standpoint but we know that the literary talent in the school will be developed, and every student will be stimulated.

Through this column ought to be discussed many subjects which are too often overlooked by the staff and stu-

dents in general. Sometimes there are subjects with which the staff are not acquainted, and for this reason are not able to deal with them. Further, most of these subjects are of real interest and importance, and we desire to make this column a helpful one by placing such topics before the students. We know that our teachers, our fellow-students, the alumni, and our friends outside of this school will see and know of many defects in our paper, for instance; and we desire that anyone who is interested in our school enterprises would set these ideas before us as editorials.

SENIOR NOTES

Miss Wilma Young entertained the Senior girls at her home on November 7, before leaving for the south.

The chemistry class is the best class there has been in the A. H. S. for many a year. It has been very highly complimented by the teacher.

Miss Wilma Young left November 10, 1908, with her father, for California, to spend the winter. She will be missed very much by all the class.

A meeting was called October 6, 1908, at which the following officers were elected: Florence Foster, president; Mary Kelly, vice-president; Laura Jeffers, secretary; Bessie Hess, treasurer.

The class of 1909 is the largest Senior class that has ever been organized in the A. H. S. There are now nineteen members in the class and at the beginning of the second semester more students are expected to enter.

JUNIOR CLASS ORGANIZES

The class of 1910 held its first meeting of this year at three o'clock on the afternoon of October 16. The result of the election of class officers was as follows—Myrtle Shahour, president; Fanny Gregory, vice-president; Arthur Danielson, secretary and treasurer; Epstean Reed, sergeant-at-arms; Lena Fastabend, class editor. The meeting adjourned at 3:30.

This year the class promises to be alive and to contribute its share of High School spirit.

Class yell:

Juniors! Juniors!

Zipp! Boom! Bah!

1910—1910—

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Seniors, Sophomores,

Ho! Ho! Ho!

Freshies, Freshies,

Slow! Slow! Slow!

Sold

Schmidtke [in speaking of nerves, in physiology class] "You all have your nerve."

Girl [at dance Saturday night] "What do you think of the floor tonight?"

Boy: "Oh, it's a fine floor, all right."

Girl: "Yes—but it can't come up to the ceiling."

Miss B. [after meeting of Wauregan Society] "Please remember not to applaud when anyone gets up to recite. It's all right to clap when they finish—they're just as glad as you are."

B. W. [in Senior English] "Have

you your Senior English lesson, Edwin?"

Edwin: "No."

B. W.: "Oh! You won't go to Heaven, now."

Edwin: "I don't care—I'd rather go with 'Stinnie'."

A problem for Alg. III pupils: If it takes ten yards of baby ribbon to make a pair of suspenders for a humming bird, how old is Ann?

Ans.: No matter how tired an elephant is, he can never sit down on his trunk.

Miss Hulse [assigning English lesson] "Pupils, I think I am able to ask some

excellent questions on this exercise—
and I usually do."

Nellie S. [in Senior English] "He is a
friend of my sister's." [Blushingly] "I
meant to say 'she'."

He put his arm around her,
The color left her cheek,
But it stayed upon his overcoat
For pretty near a week.—Selected.

Mss H. [to E. Reed in Reading]
"Who wrote 'The Vicar of Wakefield'?"
E.: "I don't know."

Miss H.: "Oh, but you should."

Epstein: "I was so interested in the
production that I forgot to look and see
who wrote it."

"Two souls with but a single thought:
two hearts that beat as one."—Physi-
ology class.

Is Maude R. a Republican? Would
she have Teddy for a second term?

Ted H. [after trying to open his
watch] "Arthur, let me use your knife."

Arthur D.: "What for? Is there a
girl in the case?"

Miss H. [to L. Deneen] "What is the
difference between 'goose' and 'geese'?"

L. Deneen: "One 'geese' is a 'goose,'
and two 'gooses' is a 'geese'."

Miss B.: "Thorburn, I see that you're
at the foot of your class."

J. T. Ross, Jr.: "Console yourself,
Miss Badollet. If there had been more
in the class I'd have been still lower."

F. G. [basketball enthusiast] "I told
you I couldn't get this geometry."

Miss B.: "I know what the trouble is;
if we should do this geometry up into a
ball to throw into a basket, I'm sure
you'd be able to do it perfectly."

He failed in his Latin; flunked in his
Chem..

We heard him softly hiss
"I'd like to see the man who said
That ignorance is bliss."

Why won't the football boys tell the
school more about the cute girl in Salem?
They're stingy.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "I'm stung
again."

Ansen had a little book of problems
and of law,
And Ansen loved this little book, for
it was "Algebraw."

PROGRESS. —

Hurry the student as fast as you can;
Hurry him, worry him; make him a man;
Out of his "baby" clothes, get him in
pants,
Feed him on brain food and make him
advance.

Hurry him when he is able to walk
Into the High School and fill him with
talk;
Fill his poor head full of figures and facts,
Jamming and ramming them in till it
cracks.—A. F. D., '10.

FRESHMAN'S LAMENT

I don't believe in Algebra—
The stuff, it is too slow;
Them X's and them Y's and Z's
Are all put there for show.

I don't believe in Latin—
Why, where's there any sense?
The language's dead—yes, coldly dead,
And ought to be dispensed.

I don't believe in History—
The deeds of those great guys
Cannot be proved; and who can tell
But that they all are lies?

I don't believe in English—
The foolish, tricky goods;
Them "ain't's" and "hain't's" are all
correct,

Just as them "would's" and "should's."
Fact is, I don't believe at all
In studying hard at school;
For their new-fangled systems
Are not up to my rule.

If a course of sport were taken in
I'd be Johnny on the spot;

But as it is, my feelings are with
The students' sorry lot.

For oh, I do believe in fun—

Yes, really, truly do;
If you'll take the point to everyone
You'll find that they do, too.

—Fanny Gregory, '10.

A. R. [in Senior English] "Little,
littler, littlest."

—
We all love our teachers.

School Notes

School opened this year with an attendance of one hundred and fifty students. The enrollment is the largest in the history of the High School.

A course of typewriting and stenography, under the direction of Professor Imel, has been added to the list of High School studies.

Miss Wilma Young, one of the Senior girls, left with her father November 10 to spend the winter months in California.

Hamilton Garner, who has been attending High School this term, has accepted a position in the Clatsop mill.

A most enjoyable evening was spent at a reception given to the football team by the students of the High School on Saturday evening, November 7, at Logan hall. The hall was appropriately decorated for the occasion with purple and gold.

Mr Arnspiger, an All-Northwest tackle who played on the Oregon football team last year, has bestowed honor upon our school by pointing out Kenneth Parker, captain of the A. H. S. football team, as being the best academic fullback in the state.

This year the rhetoricals of the A. H. S. are being conducted on a different plan from that of former years.

There have been formed two literary societies—one of which has been named the "Alfredian Society," for the great patron of learning, King Alfred.

The purpose of this society is to promote the literary interests of its present members and those who, from time to time, shall become members of it. It is hoped that the work done in the Alfredian Society may prove it worthy of its name and purpose.

A constitution and by-laws have been adopted by the society and the following officers have been elected: Carl Thomas, president; Betsy Wootton, vice-president; Alice Reed, secretary; Nellie Salvon, treasurer.

In a literary society, as in any other organization, there must be a society spirit and a hearty co-operation of its members; and we believe that these conditions will prevail throughout the society and that each member will take it upon himself to see that his part is well and faithfully done.

We must build up a strong, wide-awake society, so that the incoming students may feel honored to be asked to become members of it, and may in their turn take pride in building it up—but to do this we must believe in it. Carlyle

says "Let him who would move and convince others, be first moved and convinced himself." Let us work faithfully and grow strong in this phase of school work.

The other of these two societies is the "Wauregan," whose name is the Indian word for "still water."

This is a literary society formed for the promotion of literary activity and research among its members. It consists of about sixty-five students of the High School.

At the first regular meeting, held Fri-

day, November 6, the constitution was adopted and the permanent officers elected for the school year. The following were elected: Edwin Short, president; Hattye Kopp, vice-president; Bessie Hess, secretary-treasurer.

After the business of the meeting a literary program consisting of six numbers was rendered. The constitution provides that each member of the society shall be on the program at least twice a school year. The meeting adjourned to meet a month later.

EXCHANGES

"News," from the High School of Eugene, is an attractive paper.

We acknowledge the receipt of the "Whirlwind." Some longer stories would improve it.

All of our old exchanges are not on this year's list, but we hope to see them all again before very long.

Hood River High School's first attempt at journalism is good and we hope that it will be successful in every way.

We are glad to have the "Oregon Monthly" on our exchange list. Lischen Miller's "The Master Key" is a beautiful little poem.

The "Bugle Call" is a unique paper. We hope it will grow, for we believe you have material which, if developed and utilized, would make a better representative of your school.

The "Crimson and Gray," of the Dallas High School, is the second on our list whose first issue was the November number. The article on Oklahoma and Indian Territory is interesting.

ALUMNI NOTES

Jennie Jeffers, '08, is teaching school at Clatsop City.

Jennie Wiek, '08, is attending Willamette University.

Nellie Lewis, '08, is attending normal school at Ashland.

Lillian Anderson, '08, is attending normal school at Monmouth.

Norman Anstenson, '08, left recently for a trip around the world.

Madge Fulton, '08, and Agnes Karinen, '08, are attending Whitman college at Walla Walla.

Ella Gamble and Nellie Wilson, '08 girls, have re-entered school and are taking post-graduate work.

Lawrence Rogers, '05, manager of the High School football team, is back at school taking a course in bookkeeping.

Mabel Larsen, Birdie Wise and Rubie Hammarstrom, all girls of the class of '08, have entered the University of Oregon.

The alumni of the A. H. S. recently gave the play "The Trials of Mr. Flipper" at the Astoria theatre for the benefit of the High School football team. The play was a success both socially and financially.

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